

WILSON VISIBLY AFFECTED BY WORKING WOMEN'S APPEAL

Washington, Feb. 3.—A delegation of 400 working women called upon President Wilson yesterday to urge that he lend his assistance and support to the cause of suffrage.

They marched to the White House, with flags and streamers flying, and when the column halted a committee of twenty-five, of which Mrs. Glendover Evans of the Massachusetts Trade Women's League was chairman, entered the executive offices. They lined up in one corner of the room and half a dozen speeches, some of them pathetic, were made to the president.

Miss Rose Winslow of Pennsylvania, a textile worker, made a deep impression on Pres. Wilson in the speech-making prior to the reception. She was trembling in every limb and her voice shook as she said she was one of the thousands of women who had given their health for the industries of the country.

"You are too entirely fair and just, Mr. President," she said, "not to realize that women have to work for so low a wage that they cannot keep soul and body together; that it is oftentimes a question of the river or the street. We appeal to your sense of justice to give us the ballot."

Because of her excessive nervousness, Miss Winslow lost her voice at this point, and the president suggested to her that she wait a moment, which interruption apparently saved an attack of hysteria, for Miss Winslow, with a nervous laugh, replied:

"I am just so nervous I can hardly say what I want to. You see I don't address presidents every day."

"But then all presidents are human," interjected the executive, and everyone laughed.

One little near-tragedy happened which the president knew nothing about. Dr. Mary Walker, civil war nurse, holder of the congressional medal of honor, dragged her weary

way to the White House with the delegation. She wanted to see the president and say something to him about "the cause," but the women in charge of the demonstration didn't want her there. And they told the doortender not to admit her. So Dr. Mary, a pathetic figure, in her frock coat, trousers and silk hat, sat disconsolately on a sofa and watched the women file in and out.

President Wilson was visibly affected by the appeals of the women.

"I need not tell you how a delegation of working women, such as you, appeals to me," he said. "I would like to say much. But I have already explained that I cannot speak as the leader of my party on any legislation until the party itself has taken a position on that legislation."

"The Democratic convention, at Baltimore took its position on national questions and as its candidate the voters approved that position in electing me. I feel bound to carry out the party promises, and all that I can say to you is that your agitation has made a profound impression upon me."

The president then ordered that the 400 workers who were still waiting in the cold outside should be permitted to enter, and they filed by him, shaking hands.

COMPANY TO DINNER

Her husband had asked her to show some kindness to a young officer of the militia to whom he had taken a fancy. She decided to do so at once, and dispatched a note to the gallant civilian-soldier in the usual form in such cases. It ran thus: "Mrs. Potter requests the pleasure of Captain Clafin's company at dinner on Wednesday evening."

The answer came back promptly. Here it is verbatim:

"With the exception of the men who regret they have other engagements, Captain Clafin's company will dine with Mrs. Potter with pleasure on Wednesday evening."—N. Y. Post.